1075

The Sailor's Tragedy;

To which are added,

Highland Mary.

The Irish Wedding.

STIRLING.
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THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY.

I AM a sailor and home I write,
And in the seas took great delight,
The female sex I did beguile
At length two were by me with child.

I promised to betrue to both
And bound myself under an oath
To marry them if I had life,
And one of them I made my wife.

The other being left alone,
Crying, you false deluding man,
To me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring.

Then to the silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent,
And soon she finished up the strife,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hang herself upon a tree
Two men a hunting did her see;
Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
Which caused the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found;
This note was written out at large,
Bury me not, I do you charge.

But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows e'er too late.

As he is false I do protest,
That he on earth shall find no rest,
And it is said she plagued him so,
That to the seas he's forced to go

As he was on the main-mast high,
A little boat he did espy,
In it there was a ghost so grim
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes,
To the Captain his mind for to disclose:
Here is a Spirit coming hence,
O Captain stand in my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost;

Captain said she you most and can,
With speed help me to such a man.

In St. Helens this young man died,
And in St. Helens in his body laid:
Captain, said she, do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep.

From the deck did the Captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe:
On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd,
I am a spirit come for you,
You begull'd me once but I have you now.

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forc'd him;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you that know what to love belong,
Now you have heard my mournful song,
Be true to one what ver you mind,
And don't delude poor woman kind.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery
Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry:
For there I took the last farewell,
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom:
As underneath the fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and look'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;

And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder
But oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower so early:
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That rapt my Highland Mary:

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft have kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

Sure wont you hear what roving cheer,
Was spread at Paddy's wedding O,
And how so gay they spent the day
From churching to the bedding O?
First, book in hand came Father Quipes,
With the brides dad the bailie O:
While the chanter with his merry pipes,
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery, tedderv, &c.

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy O:
And Murdoch Mags and Tirlogh Shags,
M'Laughlan and Dick Durfey O:
And then the girls rigg'd out in white,
Led on by Ted O'Reily O;
While the chanter with his merry pipes,
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery teddery &c.

When Pat was asked if his love would last,
The chapel echoed with laughter O:
By my soul, says Pat, you may say that
To the end of the world, and after O.
Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kiss'd her genteely O:
While the chanter with his merry pipes,
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery teddery, O

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,
So frolicksome and so frisky O;
Potatoes galore a skiring or more,
With a flowing madder of whisky O,
Then round, to be sure, did't go the swiper,
At the bride's expense so freely O!

While the chanter with his merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery, teddery,

And then at night O what delight
To see them capering and prancing O!
An opera or ball was nothing at all
Compar'd to the style of their dancing O.
And then to see old father Quipes
Beating time with his shilelah O,
While the chanter with his merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery, teddery &c.

And now the knot so sucky are got,
They'll go to sleep without rocking O:
While the bride-maids fair so gravely prepare,
For throwing of the stocking O
Dacadems we'll have says father Quipes,
And the bride was kissed genteelly O,
While, to wish them fun the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery, teddery. &c.

FINIS.